

March 10th '96.

4 P.M.

My Dearest Love,

How gently you  
take my crookedness, when  
I was such a bear —

Since last  
week I have had a  
letter from Laura, but  
for a whole month she  
did not write me, but  
now, when I write her  
about five letters —  
So there — that is my  
guarantee tag and

you have been to the  
bottom of it. Your  
picture of a cozy  
Sunday night supper  
was most refreshing -  
only 4 more Sunday  
nights and Sunshine  
will pour the tea.  
I wonder if it will  
taste any better to you,  
my dear one;

As for Alice, I write  
her all the time, she  
is one of my "old reliable".

March is spinning  
along at a terrible rate  
but none too fast to  
suit me, I seem to  
wait Mamma terribly



late. I wake up every night  
and cry for her. It is very  
strange and selfish of me but I don't  
seem to be able to reason against it.  
Oh! I wish we could all go to Leam-  
ing now -

Good bye sweetheart, I'll  
tomorrow Your true & brave

P.S. Mr. Long came to see me this  
morning. - He is trying to know this  
afternoon - Will the white flowers be out  
in Mamma's grass when I get home? April 8th.



101

From N.E.H.  
169 - East 63 St.  
New York City



Clarence E Hemmingway  
500 W Oak Park Ave  
Oak Park  
Cook Co.  
Illinois.